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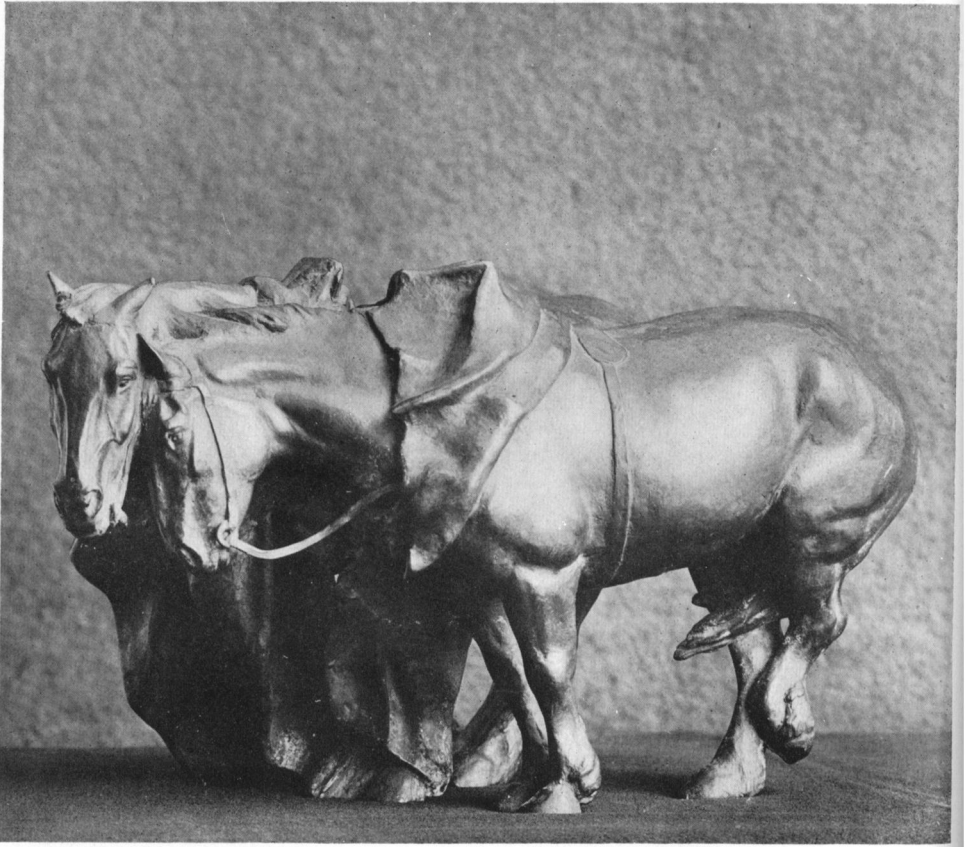
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RESTING

ANNA V. HYATT

parture from the conventionalized animal, while it would be hard to conceive a more daring and vigorous composition than that of the hippopotamus tossing a jaguar shown recently at Gorham's. The search for truth led her often into the very cages of the beasts at the Bronx; and in all her bronzes there is the same

intense joy in free movement and the play of muscles, controlled by a severe sense of form. A happy differentiation of texture in skin, hair and bone, a sympathy and insight in all forms of animal life, and a sane sense of clean-cut design make this sculptor's work one to be enjoyed by all lovers of life in art.

## PINE NEEDLE BASKETRY

BY MRS. JULIAN HARRIS

**I**N the preface to the "Pine Needle Basket Book" an account of the work of his mother, a Georgia woman, and the pioneer in this industry, Dr. McAfee says: "Being an earnest advocate of the gospel of work, and believing sin-

cerely that there is no age-limit to usefulness, it occurred to me that if my mother, who was seventy years old last December, and who is still an active member of the work-a-day world, would publish something of her work as a

seventy-year mile-post, it might serve to encourage others along the journey of life."

Thus, being let into the secret of the seventy years' youth of the originator of pine needle basketry, it is no surprise to learn that she is one of the many women whose creative ability was developed through war-time hardships and exigencies. If a domestic chronicle of those times could be compiled which would be as graphic and complete in detail as are many of its historical records, what a vivid picture it would present of the ingenuity, versatility, courage and capacity of Southern women!

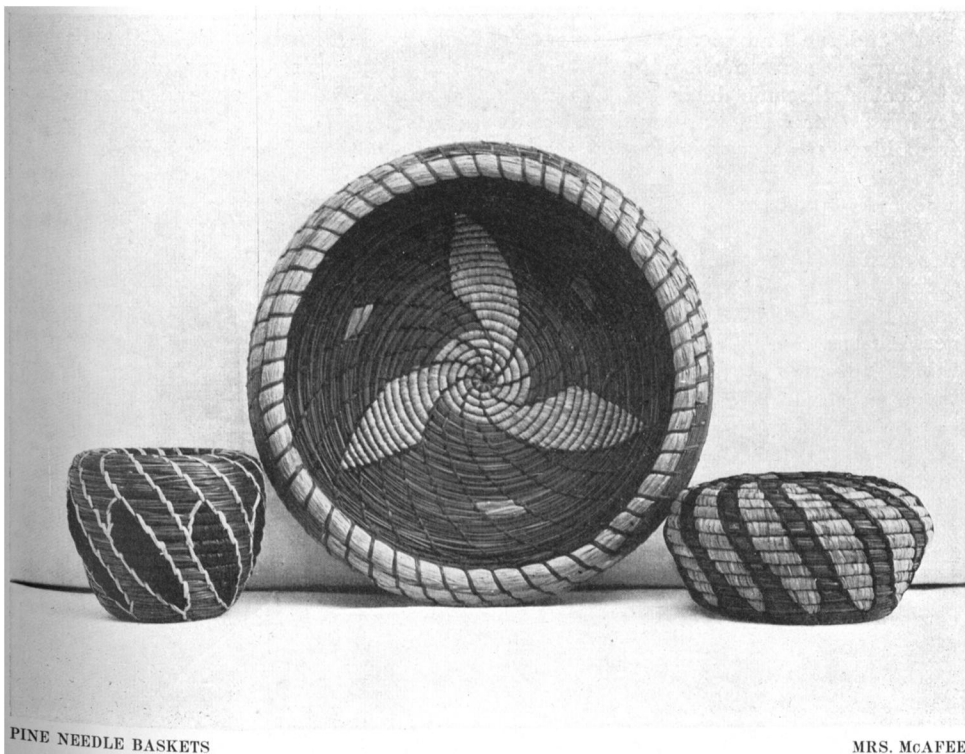
Like those hardy survivors at sea who find themselves held prisoners for many months on desert islands or barren, unknown shores, many Southern women, mistresses of slaves and mothers of families, found themselves and their charges, toward the close of the war, reduced to their last shabby garments, the

pantry supply bankrupt and the burden of provision for each small colony entirely dependent upon the ingenuity and resource of the house mother.

Many a delicately reared woman in those days discovered for herself the relation between necessity and invention; and the products of her brain and fingers, if gathered together, would form an exhibit quite as picturesque and instructive as any in our natural history museums.

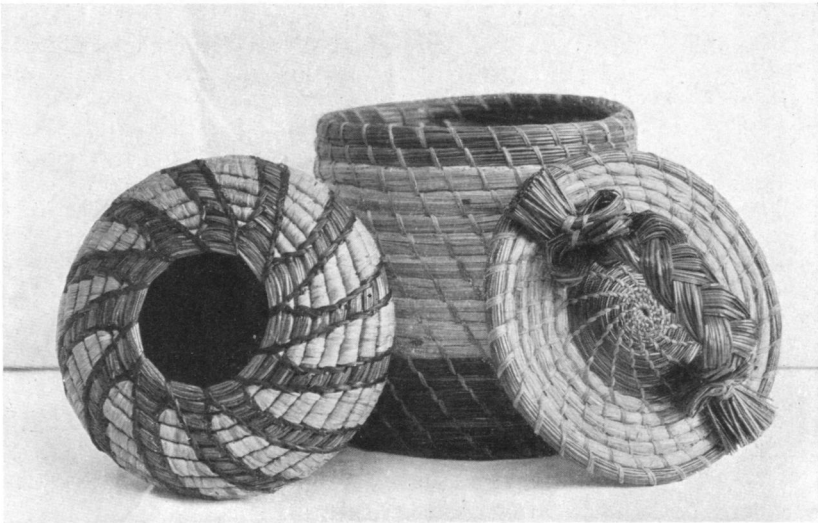
In this particular case it was the need of a hat which called Mrs. McAfee's inventive talent into play. With the nearest town thirty miles away and no train or trolley available, with the sun of South Georgia beating relentlessly down, it was a situation of some gravity when the men's hats gave out. Sunbonnets were not to be thought of. Imagine a soldier, home on furlough, arrayed in a "slat bonnet"!

Mrs. McAfee's first experiment was



PINE NEEDLE BASKETS

MRS. McAFEE



PINE NEEDLE BASKETS

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COURTESY OF THE PINE NEEDLE PUBLISHING COMPANY

with the bulrush, but this she found too heavy. Then she chanced to see a load of pine straw on its way to cover a potato bed, when, lo, the vision of a pine needle hat flashed across her "inward eye," and the first piece of pine needle millinery was sewn with the last spool of Coates' thread! This hat was made for her father and he declared that aside from his cap of gray he liked no other so well. "It was as light and comfortable as a Panama."

Years passed after the weaving of this quaint head covering, in which interval the young mother took on the honors of grandmother, her nimble fingers busied, like Martha's, with "many things"; the weaving was forgotten and the pine needle hat became a legend of the past. But one day a ramble in the far-stretching piny woods with a band of grandchildren, in quest of a bag full of the spicy brown needles for a pillow, brought a chorus of requests from the youngsters for the tale of great-grandfather's famous hat. After which, of course, grandma was besought for a copy of that primitive sample of headgear, and, sitting on the ground, she made a miniature hat or a tiny basket for each child.

As an outcome of this episode, just a

few years this side of seventy, Mrs. McAfee again took up her weaving and the result was the first basket made of the needles of the long leaf Southern pines. Both her daughter and her grandchildren learned to make the baskets, and a little girl of five years achieved a creditable sample under grandmother's tuition.

Since then Mrs. McAfee has made many beautiful baskets of various shapes and sizes, has taught six years in the Summer School of the University of Tennessee at Knoxville, and has had hundreds of pupils. Her baskets are much in demand in the beautiful Florida shops frequented by Northern tourists, and a Pine Needle Publishing Company has been formed in New York which issues a book of fifty pages, fully illustrated, with a descriptive account of the "Pinus Palustris," or long leaf pine, a history of the industry and complete directions for making the baskets.

In the foreword Mrs. McAfee tells her method of curing the needles, with directions for obtaining the different shades of brown, ranging from pale tan to deep chocolate. The young and the mature needles yield different shades upon being cured, so no artificial coloring need be used. If desired, various

grasses can be employed in the ornamentation of the baskets, also manila, raffia, corn husks, yucca and the long leaves of the sorghum cane or millet.

Mrs. McAfee finds it unnecessary to use artificial coloring upon any of these accessory materials except the manila or raffia. The delicate gradations of shade can be controlled in the curing, and contrasting color can be introduced in the sewing material.

Mrs. McAfee's knowledge of form is delightful. Her baskets are invariably of pleasing shape and correct proportion. Her sense of design is equally sure; she seems to have a native feeling for fitness, and each basket gives a sense of satisfaction that results only from a perfect accord of shape and decoration.

The natural color of the well cured needles has a warmth and depth that is

not found in any other material, and provides a rich, sympathetic background for orange, yellow, black and white. The texture of the needles becomes of a satin iridescence through the process of moistening, which also increases the toughness of the material, thus achieving a basket of unusual strength and durability, particularly adapted to handsome furnishing, both because of its mellow beauty and its substantial form.

One of these well shaped, durable baskets, sewn with a vigorous yet delicate pattern in orange and black, exhaling the spicy odor of the pine woods, cannot fail to give a shock of pleasure to one who is not familiar with the pine needle as a material for basketry. To the lover of the pine itself, these baskets are a longed-for embodiment of all its stately beauty, its healing fragrance.

## BOTTICELLI'S SPRING

BY GEORGE WORTHINGTON

Art's monk-made ceremonies, in the joy of Spring,  
Would Botticelli burst. Free as a faun  
He plucked a feather from a cygnet's wing  
And dipped it in the liquid tints of dawn;  
And soon that magic lyric had he drawn,  
Whose subtile lines forever flow and sing,  
With the swan's grace, not of a dying thing,  
But of new birth, of April and of dawn.

Freedom and Art go hand in hand. No creed  
May hold the painter's brush nor poet's pen;  
Receptive minds, where Nature sows the seed  
Must yield in beauty flower and fruit again.  
Hold but an open mirror to the day  
And lo! God's face, that shall not fade away.